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GETTING TROUBLESOME AGAIN.

UNCLE SAM. — I guess he won't stop howling till I give him enough Protection Soothing Syrup to burst him!

PUCK.



#### MR. MCGARVEY'S SECRET BALLOT.

"This sacrit ballet 's a dom shwindle, thot 's phwat it is!"

The speaker was Mr. McGarvey, and the disgust in his voice was apparent to the sense of smell at a distance of several feet.

"It 's a dom shwindle, thot 's phwat it is," he repeated, "an' it 's mesilf thot would loike t' smash th' face av th' felly thot invented it, till he could n't sit down fur two wakes, bejabers!"

"Oi goes up t' th' votin' boot' on iliction marnin' wid me moind made up as ilegant as a shtraw-tick who Oi wor goin' t' vote fur, an' th' felly asked moi name, which Oi gives 'im, an' he hands me a shate av paper as big as th' shpot on a felly's clothes fales whin he shlips

an' falls on a wit day, which Oi takes an' goes inty th' sacrit chamber.

"Oi shpreads out th' paper, but divil a bit could Oi do wid it. Shure, 't wor th' worsht frosht Oi'd had since th' noight me noight-gown took foire from th' candle thot Mary Ann had on th' flure lookin' fur th' hat-pin thot Oi caught bechune me toes th' next minute. Oi looked at it an' Oi looked at it, an' th' more Oi looked at it th' more shepeckled th' dom thing gits, an' at lasht it 's disperate Oi am, an' Oi hauls off an' biffs 'er jus' fur



#### A REBUKE.

THE PARSON.—Bredren, dis yere hat 'minds me o' de worl' we 're livin' in;—it goes roun' an' goes roun', an' eberybody knows it—but nobody takes no notice ob it.

look wid th' lid-pincil, an' folds 'er up an' passes out wid a pafeul expression av countenance on me face thot worn't there at all, at all.

"Ah, yis! it 's th' sacrit ballet it is! Shure, it 's mesilf thot don't know who Oi cast me vote for, an' thot 's a foine sacrit t' be ragin' in th' brist av a full-blooded citizen av Oireland an' th' Unoited Shtates, thot 's been waitin' t'ree long years fur th' blissid privilege, Oi 'm t'inkin'.

"Whir-r-r-r-o-o-o-o!"

David H. Talmadge.

#### HIS MISFORTUNE.

"Called for jury duty? Why not work the 'conscientious scruples' dodge?"  
"I have conscientious scruples."

#### AN EXPLANATION.

BROWN.—Why did Weyler return to Havana?

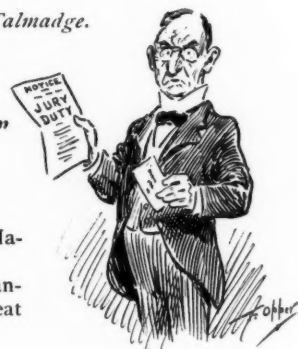
JONES.—Just to furnish a triumphant answer to those critics who said that his retreat had been cut off.

#### CHANGED.

BROWN.—Don't you know that McKinley was for free silver at one time?

JONES.—Yes; but he preferred to be right and to be President.

THE BRANCHES of Christmas trees will bend, but only pocket-books will break.



#### AT THE PLAY.

SHE.—There 's a blunder! Six months are supposed to elapse between the first and second act.

HE.—Well?

SHE.—They have the same cook.



PUCK.

# A GIRL TO HER MIRROR.



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## BALLADE.

MY EYES are golden-brown in hue,  
Their language none may read but I;  
You tell me each shines bright as dew—  
Oh, roguish, laughing, luring eye!  
You say my lips that smile and sigh  
Upon the crimson rose-leaf feed;  
Prophet of Truth, you can not lie,  
Good looking-glass you are, indeed!

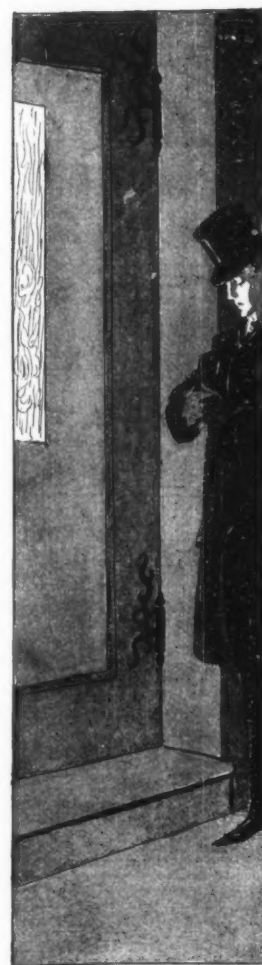
You would not tell me—now, would you—  
My tangled locks, that fall awry,  
Were cobwebbed gold, if 't were not true?  
You would not wrongly gratify  
My ardent love of looks, then try  
With magic art to make me read  
The plain girl's fate, for I should die!  
Good looking-glass you are, indeed!

I am not vain, 't would never do!  
Why should I be?—come, answer why—  
Since Nature from her own book drew  
The colors and the curves that vie  
With Venus, whom we deify?  
You always speak the same sweet creed:  
"Beauty 's a joy that none may buy!"  
Good looking-glass you are, indeed!

## L'ENVOY.

There goes the bell! He's come! I fly!  
To nestle in his arms I speed!  
And as he catches me he'll cry—  
"Good-looking lass you are, indeed!"

Harold MacGrath.



## MATTER FOR CONGRATULATION.

HELEN.—Anna is so happy, now that she is to marry the man of her choice.

BESSIE.—Yes;—even though he was not her first choice.

## ETIQUETTE BEYOND THE STYX.

THE SHADE FROM BOSTON.—Solomon? Well, well! I'm proud to meet the wisest of men.

SOLOMON.—After you, sir.



## OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN.

SHE.—Goodness! It's as cold here in the suburbs as it was in Harlem.

HE.—Yes; and in Harlem we had at least the consolation of blaming it on the janitor.

GAS SOMETIMES escapes, but the consumer never does.

ONE OF the chief objections to the moth is that it necessitates the use of camphor.

CLARK (*excitedly*).—I tell you, sir, this town is n't big enough to hold us both!

FULLER (*calmly*).—Why don't you start a suburb?

WHEN A MAN starts out to get something for nothing he generally makes an expensive addition to his store of experience.

IF A MAN is as old as he feels, a woman should be as old as she thinks she looks.



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## RIDING NOT NECESSARY.

BERTWHISTLE.—Do you ride your cycle to reduce your weight?

DUSNAP.—No;—hustling for the money to meet the installments for it does that.

THE GREEDY CLERK WHO OVERREACHED HIMSELF.

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MR. REDINK.—Patrick, the old man has gone out for an hour; run over to the -aloon opposite and get me a bottle of beer and two cheese sandwiches. I'm going to have a banquet in his absence.



MR. REDINK (as PAT returns).—Thanks, Patrick. I'll remember you in my will. What are you standing here for? You don't suppose you are going to get any of this? Not much! An Irish porter is not in it with me.



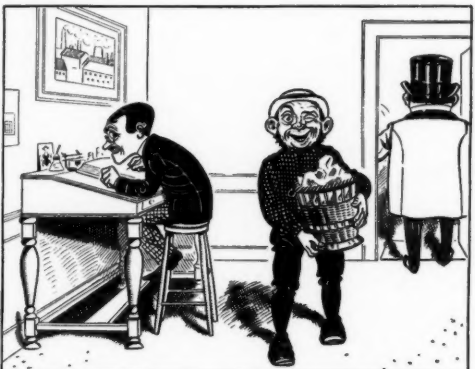
PATRICK (two minutes later).—Cheese it! Here comes de boss!



MR. REDINK.—St. Ledger! I know what I'll do! I'll just put them in this waste-paper basket and cover them with this waste-paper.



THE OLD MAN.—I guess I'll postpone my trip till later in the day. Ah! what 's his? This waste-paper basket filled up again! Patrick, how often have I told you to empty these baskets as soon as they were full? Take it down the cellar and empty its contents immediately.



PATRICK.—All roight, sur! It was just a-goin' to be emptied, sur, as you came in. It has n't bin filled more 'n two minutes.

HE EXPRESSES HIS SENTIMENTS.

"You are nothing but a cold hypocrite!"  
The speaker shuddered.  
He was a Harlem man who thus apostrophized the steam-heating apparatus.

THE CURSE.

Thereupon they recalled that the curse of mankind had been upon the head of woman since the beginning.

"Alas!" they sighed.

It was indeed doubtful if she could be got to take it off in deference to the mere regulations of a theatre.



A VETERAN.

Drunk on Love's wine, I sought  
to know my fate,  
And bared my heart before her in her state.  
She scanned it close, and saw the many scars  
Of wounds received in other season's wars,  
And sighed. Then said, in Mirth and Pity's strife:  
"I can not be a pension and a wife."  
Wood Levette Wilson.

WHY HE LIKED IT.

HE.—Do you hear that hand-organ? I don't care for them as a rule, but that one is worth listening to.  
SHE.—What is the great attraction?  
HE.—It has different tunes from that music-box we got at Christmas.

IN THE FACE, AUT ALIBI.

She shuddered as he passed her.  
"How can he look me in the face?" she bitterly exclaimed.  
She could not well make her bicycle skirt any shorter.

A VERY young gentleman of our acquaintance says his father's policy is to spare the rod and spoil the shingle.



PATRICK.—Thot frish clark says as an Oirish porter was n't in it; but, be th' saints above! thim things as he bought will be in it wid an Oirish porter, ye kin bet!

CONTEMPT.

BROWN.—Smith is an enthusiastic wheelman. He takes a spin every day if the weather permits.  
JONES.—Pooh! If he were really enthusiastic he would take a spin every day whether the weather permitted or not.

NO SURPLUS.

ETHEL.—I'm to have five thousand a year pin money.  
ESTELLE.—That will buy a good many pins.  
ETHEL.—Not such as I want.

IF GREAT BRITAIN and Chicago keep on extending their boundaries, they will eventually clash, and there will be serious trouble.



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JUST TOO LATE.

BURGLAR.—Say! Cully, where 's de silver-ware?  
MAN OF THE HOUSE.—I—I s-sent it all away yesterday to be replated.



# UNCLE HIRAM'S MUSTACHE CUP.

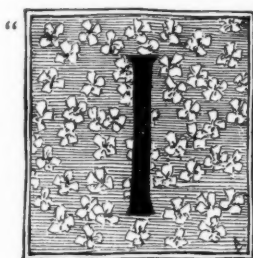
UNCLE HIRAM had a birthday,  
And his niece, way up in town,  
Made his heart feel very joyous  
By the gift she sent him down.

'T was a china cup, — most gorgeous, —  
"Love the Giver" — gold and blue;  
And on one side was a fixture  
Uncle Hi' could not see through.

When that cup was full of coffee,  
Uncle Hiram stirred with pride;  
Then he put his spoon right in this  
Queer arrangement on one side.

"Gee-mun-ee!" cried Uncle Hiram —  
"Don't thet git ye, Aunt Mari'?"  
Here 's a rack ter stick my spoon in,  
Soze 't won't jab me in th' eye."

## MR. HUNT AMUSES THE BABY.



"IS N'T IT a shame?" said Mrs. Hunt, looking up from a note she was reading. "Here is a note from Molly, asking me to go with her to the matinee this afternoon, and I told Katie that she might have the afternoon out; so, I can't leave the baby."

"Oh! that's all right," said Mr. Hunt; "you get your things on, and go. I'll take care of the baby."

"Will you, Jack? How sweet of you! — and, really, I don't think you will find him much trouble. His playthings are in the

nursery. Be sure not to let him play boat in the bath-tub! — he does get so wet."

"All right! — you go right along. Now, Son, what do you want to play with — ten-pins? Here they are; — you play with them while Pop lights a cigarette and reads his papers."

"What an awful fuss women make about taking care of children! Just a little management is all it needs."

"All down? Well, set 'em up again. Oh, no! — not like that; let's set 'em up right — those pins in the back, and those in the front. Here, I'll show you."

"No, no! — if you are going to play you might as well learn the right way. There, now, don't cry! Pop will show you how to roll it. There they go — bang-a-ty, bang-bang!"

"By Jove! I ought to roll more down at this distance. Must have been that crack threw me out. Now, if I fire just to the right I can put them all down. Here, old fellow, let them alone; — Pop must set 'em up. Now, watch Pop; — there they go! I'll be blamed if I can get them down short of two shots!"

"Here, drop those, Baby! How do you suppose I can play with eight? Now, don't howl like that. See Father make them all go down. Two up still. I'll be blamed! I'll get them all down if it takes the whole afternoon! Stop getting in the way. No, you can't take the ball. Go and play choo-choo cars, or something."

"D — n it! he's crying again. I wonder if the cook can't take him? There, there! take Father's watch and sit down and hear the tick-tick. That infernal ten-pin won't bowl down!"

"You naughty boy, you've dropped Father's watch! This is a pleasant way of spending the afternoon! A woman always thinks you enjoy playing with children. Here, take this lump of sugar and go find Bridget. There, now, I'll have another whack at those ten-pins!"



## A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

SENSITIVE SANDERS. — Say, I ain't very partickler, but that's a rank butt you're smokin'.

TATTERED TOMPKINS. — Dat's right. I kin understand now why de party what had dis cigar was willin' to t'row so much of it away.



## SO SLOW.

PHILADELPHIAN (showing New York friend around his town and pointing out old landmark which is being repaired). — The foundations for that house were laid in 1696.

NEW YORKER. — Good heavens! I never dreamed you people were as slow as that.

PHILADELPHIAN. — How slow?

NEW YORKER. — Why, that was two-hundred years ago and they have n't got the roof on yet.

Mrs. Hunt, coming in an hour later:

"Oh, Jack! I did have such a good time, and you were such a dear to let me go. Why, where's Baby?"

"Hello, dear!" said Jack.

"See, I bowled every one of those ten-pins down five times in succession. Where's Baby? I don't know. Oh, yes! there he is, in the hall."

"Why, Jack! he must have been in the bath-tub; he's wringing wet."

"Oh! is he? Well, you see, he had to do something to amuse himself. Here comes Katie, so you turn him over to her. Baby had a real nice play with Pop, did n't he?"

A. L. B.

## HIS CHOICE.

NEPHEW. — Do you care which opera you go to hear?

UNCLE SILAS. — I see they advertise a piece called "Double Bill." Suppose we take it in. I'm a leetle afeerd of them operys with furrin names.

## PLACED AT A DISADVANTAGE.

CLARA. — Marie is so disappointed that it is not to be a masquerade!

ALICE. — No wonder! It will hardly be worth while for her to go at all.



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ONE OF THE FINEST.

DUSNAP.—Well, I knew it would come to pass, sooner or later.  
BERTWHISTLE.—What would?  
DUSNAP.—Why, there goes a cycle-cop now, who has learned to go to sleep riding his wheel.

A QUATRAIN.  
(ON THE RIVERSIDE.)

**A** QUATRAIN is a poem of four lines,  
(At least unless I quite misunderstand 'em);  
Therefore I hold that Kitty far outshines  
All other quatrains — when she drives her tandem!

AN INSTANCE.

IDA.—Harry has quite a vivid imagination,  
has n't he?  
MINNIE.—Yes, indeed! He thinks he has a tenor voice.

THE COMMON PEOPLE.

The common people are constantly learning and seeking to improve; but they no sooner learn a thing with infinite pains than they find that they must be at infinite pains to unlearn it, and their fond progress is always in a circle.

Thus, the common people begin by saying that they "go to bed;" then they learn with keen mortification that they must say that they "retire;" and about the time that they learn this they learn that it is wrong and that they must say "go to bed," again.

They have the same experience with the word "legs." First they say "legs;" then they find that this is abhorrent to every proper feeling, and that they must remember to say "limbs." They say "limbs," and they have hardly said it ten years and got used to it, when they find that it won't do at all, and that they must say "legs," again.

The common people are criticised for their lack of poise; but how can they be blamed when they never know whether they are on their heads or their heels?

W. F.

HIS THEORY.

WIFE.—Is n't it frightful to think of those Eastern countries where men have so many wives?

HUSBAND.—Yes; poor fellows. I suppose the Koran makes it compulsory.

NOT AN AUTHORITY.

BROWN.—Met Jones, yesterday. First time since he's been married.

ROBINSON.—Did you ask him whether two can live as cheaply as one?

BROWN.—He would n't know; he'd have to ask his father-in-law.

TRUE TO THEIR COLORS.

MRS. CASEY.—I'll wager you an' Casey had good toimes when ye was young fellys together.

GALLAGHER.—Faith we had, Mrs. Casey! Many's the toime we painted the town green.



VALUABLE EXPERIENCE.

CHICAGO EDITOR.—We want somebody who can write with vigor and originality.

ASSISTANT.—This man was employed on the last city census.

THE PENALTIES of fame are not sufficiently severe to deter many aspirants.

HE CROWED TOO SOON.



MR. SMALL.—Say, it's great the way they have arranged the seats in this theatre! I can see right between these two women — hats or no hats.



MR. SMALL would probably have been fixed as well as he anticipated had not the two girls kept whispering secrets behind their fans during the entire performance.

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PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

THE CARTOONIST has this week shown us something of the great American genius for excess. We are generally prone, it would seem, to carry things too far: not uselessly always, since we are constantly doing new things, and many of them have to be carried too far if we are to know their utmost limit of utility. But there is one excess which we might well learn to forego, since it is nothing more than a plain survival of barbarism. We read of the rites that attend the disposal of the heathen dead; of the Rajah's widows that are interred alive or burned with his august cadaver; and of the African who beats his tom-tom or his own breast, or flays a near relation or two, in testimony of his grief at the loss of a friend; and we are properly horrified at so cruel an ignorance. Yet, how hardly do we ourselves outgrow this primitive notion of what is due to the dead. Civilization has taught us to modify its form, but the essential spirit of it is still with us. To stream a dozen yards of crape in the eyes of the world is, spiritually, as heathenish a trick for advertising grief as any savage ever devised. As a Christian people we have learned that death is as vital a part of the divine scheme as birth, and, in the abstract, no worthier of lamentation. To make our private mourning a thing of custom and clothes, then, is to put out an unchristian libel upon our intelligence. The heart mourns out its own grief at death, and needs no symbols to help it. And, if symbols were needed, what would more surely stamp us as Pagans than those sable trappings which custom now imposes?

Of a part with this barbarism is the quickening tendency of the rich man to provide a sumptuous marble apartment for the bones of him and his. This season's styles in sepulture are unusually elaborate, if we may

judge from the descriptions of three mausoleums now being erected in Greenwood Cemetery. One is to be Grecian in architecture, another Moorish, and the third is to be after a special design. All three are to be showy with imposing columns, highly carved capitals, lintels of rich design, and pilasters ornately wrought. The doors will be bronze, with decorative grill-work and artistic stained-glass panels, and the interiors are to be made truly splendid with walls and ceilings of the rarest Italian marbles, and floors of mosaic tiling. No pains will be spared to rob death of its victory and the grave of its sting, and the tomb will naturally lose some of its prestige as a synonym for places that are damp and chill. Many of the American Indian tribes have a custom of burying with dead warriors their bows, arrows, spears and other weapons, in order that they may be suitably equipped in the Happy Hunting Ground, which is rather a pretty sentiment, — for savages. Nothing of this sort is contemplated, we believe, by the owners of the mortuary palaces in question, but a natural extension of the idea would be to fit up these places with the familiar objects of modern business life: a roll-top desk, attractively littered with papers, a revolving office chair, a type-writer, a burglar-proof safe, and a ticker to click out the doings of stocks.

Now, lest you feel tempted to suggest that this is profanely making light of sacred matters, just try fully to sense the vulgar ostentation and the innate barbarism of this custom. Its devotee seems not to take kindly to the notion that death is going to deprive him of the advantages of his wealth. In his heart of hearts he rather clings to the belief that it will continue to distinguish him in some future life as it has in this. And so he will have himself laid away in a marble structure that looks like a soda-water fountain, reasoning that he thus gains two good ends: (1) the people who look upon it will know that he was a Person of Great Wealth; (2) the heavenly authorities will perceive that he is a person of consequence whose wants must be met before those of the common people in the humbler tenements about him. That is, the angel Gabriel will make arrangements to call the Mausoleum set first. Thus does the rich man strive to carry the prestige of his dollars into the democracy of death.

We believe this is a lame policy for the rich man. Since "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven," is it wise for him thus to glorify his dollars in the hour of his death? His human kind looking upon this flaunt of marble will say: "there lies a man who must have known as little how to live as he knew how to die;" and this is a view that seems not unlikely of entertainment by higher authorities. Would not the rich man, then, show a finer, keener sense of the eternal values if he were to give thought only to the quick, and let the dead go back to its mother earth in a quieter way? For, if he looks properly to the quick in his lifetime, and lies thereafter under a stone just large enough tersely to tell his virtues, then, perhaps, his riches shall not be reckoned against him. At any rate, this would make one bit less of evidence, and he will be foolish, we think, to take any unnecessary chances.

AN OLD-FASHIONED FLOWER.



CALLED her a rose till she got a wheel,  
A rose without a thorn;  
She's a "bachelors' button" now, I feel,  
Because she won't stay on.

THE HANDSOME.

"It is most emphatically not true," said the defeated candidate under the new order, speaking with noticeable asperity; "it is not true that my opponent was elected by a handsome majority. Why, his supporters are the worst lot of chromos you ever saw. Say!"

A GRATEFUL RECIPIENT.

"But how can your husband draw a pension when he was n't in the war?"

"He says it is all due to the blessings of a Republican form of government."

SOMEWHAT POLITICAL.

"We don't have so many of those golden sunsets as we used to. I wonder why?"

"Well, you know the sun sets in the West, and I understand sentiment is very intense there."

ONE GREAT ADVANTAGE.

BROWN.—Do you believe in arbitration?

JONES.—Decidedly! It leaves both parties free to believe that if the dispute had resulted in a fight, the other side would not have been in it.

NEARLY ALL the great wars have been fought merely for the championship and the stakes.

IT IS sad to see that, instead of the office seeking the man, the man seeks McKinley.



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THE SPECIAL EDITION CRAZE.

FOREMAN.—We're in a pretty fix! Here it is press day and we have n't a bit of ink in the shop, except a can of that old, red poster ink.

EDITOR.—Great Scissors! That so? Ah! I have an idea: bring the whole thing out in red, and set up a line saying that this is our special Armenian edition.



1) Over-production by our colleges of "students" with athletics on the brain.



3) Over-production of law suits, which force busy men to leave their occupations and do "jury duty."

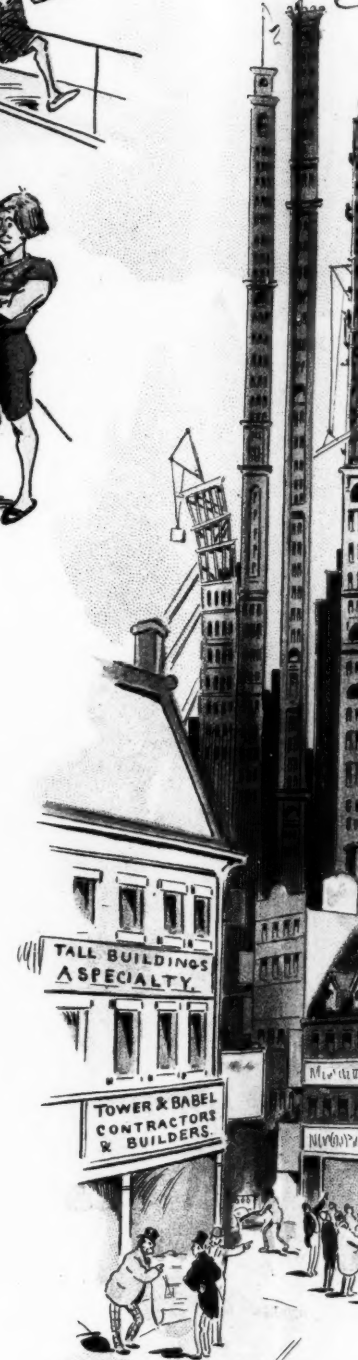


K. Oppen  
and Ehrhart

J. Ottmann Lith Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

5) Over-production of ostentatious and promiscuous mourning.

6) And an over-production of tall buildings, with Father Knickerbocker in the midst of a real estate boom.



OVER-PRODUCTION  
SOME NEW YEAR'S REFLECTIONS ON OUR GREAT





2) Over-production of trashy newspapers and voracious newspaper readers.



4) Over-production of vulgar and showy mausoleums by our rich parvenus.

ction of tall buildings, which, if it is n't stopped, will land in the midst of a real estate panic one of these days.

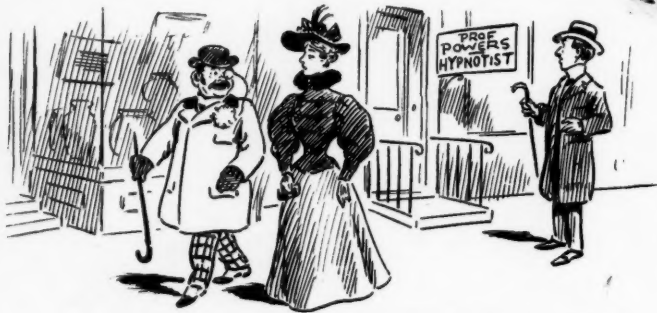
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-PRODUCTION.

IONS ON OUR GREAT NATIONAL WEAKNESS.

A DESPERATE EXPEDIENT; OR, ALL 'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR.

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MR. PUSHFORD.—There 's Miss Rocks with that fellow Bigroll again;—he 'll cut me out and marry her, if I don't do something. I know I 'm poor, and he 's rich and proud; but I *must* win that girl! I have an idea!



MR. PUSHFORD.—Do you want to make five dollars, Professor?  
PROFESSOR POWERS.—Do I? Say, I ain't seen five dollars in a month!  
MR. PUSHFORD.—Then put on your hat and come down the street with me, quick!

THINGS LITTLE WILLY FOUND OUT IN THE COUNTRY.



THAT A pole cat is n't nearly so nice to chase as an ordinary house cat.

That a hay cutter will cut fingers off just as quickly as it will cut grass.

That a Tom turkey is no admirer of big turkey-red neckties.

That a barrel hoop, when stepped on, will fly up and crack you just the same as ever.

That blackberries can't be stripped from the bushes with as much pleasure to the fingers as huckleberries.

That a small limb will bear up a large bird's nest more easily than it will a small boy.

That a cow can hook a small boy easier than a bent pin can hook a fish.

That weeding out a turnip patch ain't any fun.

That poking a hornet's nest leaves its sting behind.

That a country boy knows a thing or two.

Joe Cone.

THE COLD REALITY.

The young man cried "The world is wide!"  
And his heart beat high with hope and pride.  
Little he thought, fond dreamer, that  
He 'd come to live in a Harlem flat.



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HER PROGRAMME.

MRS. ISAACSTEIN.—Dot Mrs. Rosenbaum is tryin' hard to be vun of dem new vimmin.

MRS. COHENSTEIN.—Vot is she up to now?

MRS. ISAACSTEIN.—She vants to carry on der peezeess herself undt 'put der broperty in her husband's name.



MR. PUSHFORD.—See that chap walking with the lady? I want you to hypnotize him, and make him do something ridiculous.



PROFESSOR POWERS (*in a low tone*).—Now, young fellow, you're an orang-outang from the African jungles;—take one of those bananas and climb up on that hydrant and eat it.



THE ITALIAN.—Poleeca!—Poleeca!



MR. PUSHFORD.—Don't thank me, Miss Rocks;—I'm only too happy to escort you home. It's lucky I happened to be passing;—I hope the shocking behavior of that fellow Bigroll has n't frightened you much. Thanks; I *will* call this evening, with pleasure.



THERE WERE OTHERS.

THE GREAT and wise president of Yell College was spending a few days in the village of his boyhood. He dropped in at the little, old blue school-house (the only one of this kind on earth; all other little, old school-houses are "red").

For his delectation the teacher trotted out her star performers. You have seen them. After these "exercises" the illustrious visitor was requested to say a few words to the school.

It afforded him "great pleasure to again stand within those walls, fraught with so many precious memories, and the deepest gratification to be privileged to address these bright-faced," etc.

He, of course, referred to the fact that the school-house is the bulwark of the nation; and also admonished his young hearers that in the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life, they should not permit a similarity to exist between themselves and dumb, driven cattle, but should be heroes (and heroines) in the strife. He threw out a strong hint that, each and every of the boys be-



THIS YOUNG LADY HAS HAD THE VERY BEST SOCIAL TRAINING, AND IS, THEREFORE, NEVER EMBARRASSED BY HER SURROUNDINGS.

fore him was at least a 40 to 1 shot for the presidential stakes.

"And, speaking of that exalted office reminds me of a fault which I find generally prevalent in our public schools, and that is the over-attention paid to ancient and semi-ancient history, to the exclusion of contemporaneous history and current events.

"For instance, this little lady has just repeated the names of all the kings and queens who have ruled over England since the Roman Invasion; our young friend in the corner there has given us the names of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; another has named the presidents of the United States, from Washington down; and there have been other very creditable feats of memory and evidences of mental agility; but I will venture to say, though I may be wrong, that there are not ten out of a possible fifty here, who can tell us the names of all the candidates for the offices of president and vice-president of the United States, for this one year of eighteen hundred and ninety-six."

It was a safe venture. There were not ten; there was not one.

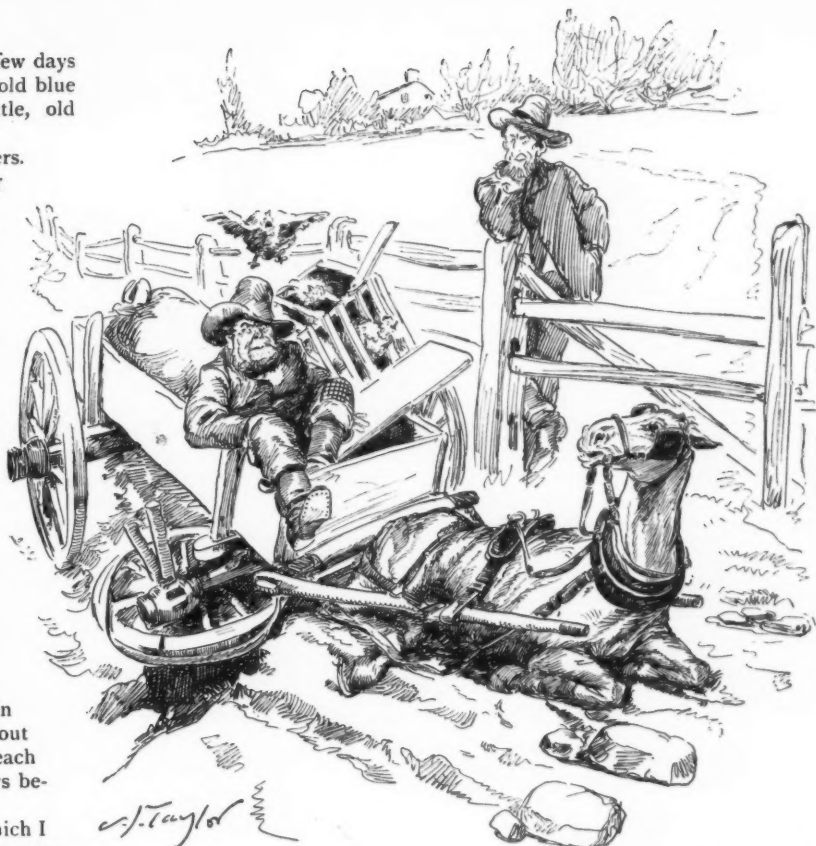
"So; and now I am going to request your good teacher to write upon the blackboard the names of this year's output of such candidates, so that all can see and remember."

The teacher took up a crayon, blushed, hesitated a little, then turned to the blackboard, and then said, with just a hint of a naughty twinkle in her voice:

"Now, Doctor, if you will be kind enough to call out the names, I shall be pleased to write them down."

The Dr. cleared his throat, thought for a moment, then, hastily looking at his watch, said: "Oh! I find that time will not permit me staying with you any longer, at present. I hope to come in and see you again before I leave." But he left the village on the next train.

Carl Currie.



AN OBJECT LESSON.

FARMER JONES.—Good gracious, Silas! that's a bad breakdown! Whar wuz yer agoin' ter?

FARMER BROWN.—W'y, consarn it all! thar's a taown-meetin' ter-day, an' some uv the pesky dum fools in this deestric is goin' ter vote ter improve this 'ere road; but I 'll git thar an' vote agin it, by gosh! ef I hef ter walk!

PERVERTED.

"What's the row in the Wheelmen's Club?"

"They're fighting about who owns that loving-cup their racing team won."

A COMPLIMENT.

EDITOR.—Your story is flat.

AUTHOR.—Yes?

EDITOR.—I wish to compliment you. Most stories we get are rolled up.

PREPARATION.

"I will give you a minute in which to get ready to die!"

"Mercy!" implored the doomed girl. "Only a minute! Think! I am a woman."

"I know," replied the tyrant; "but it is n't like getting ready to go to the theatre."

A REASON FOR IT.

"Sort of a Damon and Pythias combination. But is n't it funny they don't see through each other?"

"That's often the way when people get so thick."



MISAPPLIED ADJECTIVES.

MANY A BOOM has had its boom-crang.

This man is called a Light Comedian.

And this man is known as a Heavy Tragedian.

A POOR EXCUSE is often worse than none.

# THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

heads the list of the highest grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.

**SOHMER & CO.,**  
Piano Manufacturers,  
149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

## Metropolitan Travelers.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD is patronized by Metropolitan Travelers because they require the **VERY BEST OF EVERYTHING**, and recognize that the

## Pennsylvania Railroad

meets, as a public carrier, this demand.

**LUXURY, SPEED, SECURITY, COMFORT, RELIABILITY, PRIVACY AND ALL THE MODERN CONVENIENCES OF TRAVEL,**

are best obtained on the unequalled Passenger trains of this

**GREATEST OF ALL RAILROADS.**

## URBANA WINE COMPANY Gold Seal Champagne

For Sale by  
All Leading Wine Dealers  
and Grocers

Address the Company: URBANA, N. Y.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

## Arnold Constable & Co. LYONS SILKS.

Plain and Brocaded Moiré Antique,  
Brocaded Metal Effects.

### RICH WHITE SILKS.

White Satin, Moiré Antique,  
Moiré Velouté, White Faille,  
White Brocades,  
for Wedding Gowns.

LYONS VELVETS.

Broadway & 19th St.  
NEW YORK.

NO HEALTH THERE.

MRS. DE FASHION.—So you were at Health Springs during the Summer? How did you like it?

MRS. DE STYLE.—Well, the place is pretty enough, but I don't think much of the water. It did n't taste bad at all. — *New York Weekly.*

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"Spinaway rides his bicycle without much exertion, does n't he?"

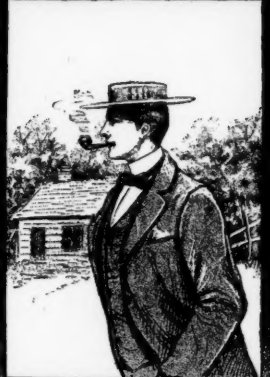
"Yes; but, then, Spinaway, you know, always was an easy-going fellow." — *Roxbury Gazette.*

THE Sphinx was observed to squirm. A reporter of the *New York Universe*, who happened to be prowling around after news, observed the motion and had his ear to the ground in an instant. "This is too much!" came from the lips which had been mute for ages. "I never had a poster advertisement pasted on the back of my head before. What if it should strike in?" — *Washington Capital.*

SHE pleaded, expostulated, gesticulated; all to no purpose, and then remained unmoved. She could n't strike a bargain with the truckman.

— *Adams Freeman.*

**YALE MIXTURE**  
A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.



We could not improve the quality of past double the price.  
A 2oz. Trial Package Post Paid 25c.  
MARBURG BROS. THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM

FOND WIFE.—What are you worrying about this evening?

HUSBAND (a young lawyer).—An important case I have on hand. My client is charged with murder, and I can't make up my mind whether to try to prove that the deceased was killed by some other man, or is still alive. — *New York Weekly.*

DUGAL.—The *Daily Globe* must be in a flourishing condition now.

HUMMER.—Why so?

DUGAL.—Why, I see the space formerly devoted to blowing about its tremendous circulation filled with reading and advertising matter. — *Kentucky Colonel.*

WE wish the fellow who always asks you "What do you know?" would be made minister to South Africa for life. — *Washington Democrat.*



SIDE VIEW.



END VIEW.

With male and female of the day, If they want to look fine and gay,

## "THE BENEDICT"

(TRADE-MARK.)

Button for collar and cuff They are bound to have to finish them off.

**BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,**  
Broadway & Cortlandt St., New York.

Manufactured for the Trade by

**ENOS RICHARDSON & CO.,**  
23 Maiden Lane, New York.

Send for Circular.

**NONE GENUINE but with name "BENEDICT" and date of PATENT on them.**

## Friend or Stranger? Which?

Which would you rather trust? An old, true friend of twenty years, or a stranger? You may have little health left. Will you risk it with a stranger? If you have a cough, are losing flesh, if weak and pale, if consumption stares you in the face, lean on Scott's Emulsion. It has been a friend to thousands for more than twenty years. They trust it and you can trust it.

Let us send you a book telling you all about it. Free.

Two sizes, 50 cts. and 1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

MAN is prone to distort the truth and be sociable. — *Adams Freeman.*

Annual Sales Over 6,000,000 Boxes!

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Swelling and Distress after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness or Constipation, Blisters on the Skin, etc.

The first Dose will give Relief in Twenty Minutes.

Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be a

**Wonderful Medicine!**

For a Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver,

they act like magic, arousing with the *Rosebud of Health* the whole physical energies of the human frame, and are positively

**Without a Rival!**

They quickly restore females to complete health, because they promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system. 25 cts. at Drug Stores or post-paid on receipt of price. Address,

**B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 Canal St., New York.**  
Book Free upon application.

THE PAINTER'S DREAM.

"I'd love to paint her as she is," He murmured of his sainted. "Why should you?" asked his pal; "For she is already painted." — *Detroit Free Press.*

DON'T try to be an assistant bookkeeper to the recording angel. — *Ram's Horn.*



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## CONFIDENCES.

PEARLY MAGEE (in confidence).—Say, big society girls powder dere faces heaps!

ROSIE MAGUIRK (impressively).—Yes; an' dere teet' too! I seed some toot'-powder in er store-windy, t' other day!

An absolutely safe dentifrice, popular with refined people for over half a century. \* \* \* All Druggists.

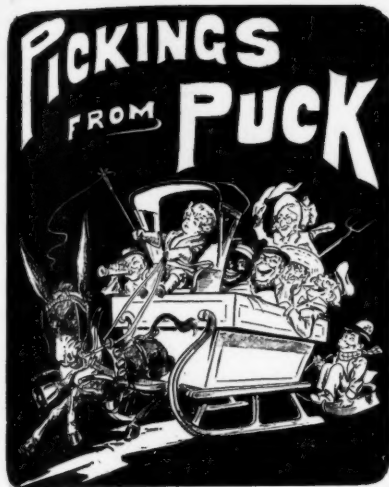
## Sozodont

FOR THE  
TEETH AND BREATH.

A sample of liquid Sozodont by mail, provided you mention this publication and send three cents for postage. Address HALL & RUCKEL, New York City, Proprietors of Sozodont, Sozoderma Soap, Spalding's Glue and other well-known preparations.

**M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars**  
EST. 1857.  
COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST





PICKINGS FROM PUCK No. 22,  
Is a marvel, a revelation — 25 cents. No more.

## OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE AWARD ON GILLOTT'S PENS AT THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

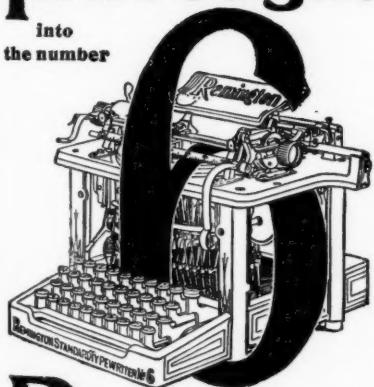
AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic, superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER,  
Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.

**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use  
in time. Sold by druggists.  
**CONSUMPTION**

## Inwrought

into  
the number



## Remington Standard Typewriter

are certain sterling qualities of Excellent Construction and Reliable Service for which all Remington models have always been famous. LIKEWISE... Scientific Improvements notably increasing its usefulness and durability.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict  
327 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

We've seen female figures that lied.—*West Union Gazette.*

**DEAFNESS**  
and Head Noises relieved by using  
Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums.  
Now scientific invention; different  
from all other devices. The only safe,  
simple, comfortable and invisible Ear  
Drum in the world. Helps where  
medical skill fails. No wire or string  
attachment. Write for pamphlet.  
**WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,**  
Office: 220 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.  
1122 Broadway, Room 236, N. Y.

**THE SCORCHER'S COMPLAINT.**  
"What's the matter, Sweaty?"  
"Matter! Just had a row with a  
bloke on the crossing because I run him  
down with my wheel. Some of these  
fellows that walk seem to think they  
own the earth."—*Detroit Free Press.*

We don't know of anything that tastes quite  
as good as a sneeze.—*Washington Democrat.*

ITS VERY OBJECT.  
"That is a very  
handsome binding,"  
said Gilfoyle, as he  
picked up from the  
counter a sumptuous  
holiday book.  
"Yes, sir," replied  
the bookseller; "that  
was bound to attract  
attention." — *Detroit Free Press.*

A LITTLE boy and  
his sister were allow-  
ed, this Summer, to  
collect the eggs from  
the hen-coops, but  
they were told they  
must never take away  
the nest-egg. The  
little girl, however,  
did so one morning  
by mistake, and her  
brother told her she  
must take it right  
back, "because that  
was what the old hen  
measured by." — *Har-  
per's Round Table.*

**No. 4711. EAU DE COLOGNE**  
Strength and  
Purity,  
combined with  
Remarkable  
Delicacy  
The most refined  
Perfume, and to-day  
the Standard in all  
civilized countries.  
WHOLESALE AGENTS: MULHENS & KROPPF, NEW YORK.

**DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION,**  
HEART-BURN,  
and all Stomach  
Troubles relieved  
and cured in short  
order by FLORAPLEXION. Sample bottle free by mail.  
Every drop is worth its weight in gold when you  
need it. Address Franklin Hart, 92 John St., New York.

ROB and Arthur  
were looking at a pic-  
ture in a Sunday-  
school paper, which  
showed two South-Sea  
Islanders rubbing  
noses, after the cor-  
dial manner of these  
natives when meeting  
a friend.  
"What are they do-  
ing?" asked Rob.  
Arthur, who had  
heard something  
about the custom,  
quickly replied: "Oh,  
just scraping ac-  
quaintance." — *Har-  
per's Round Table.*

"Well, you see,  
old man, I'm afraid  
the governor won't  
come down with the  
cash. He's a sort of  
bombshell."  
"How so?"  
"He goes off when  
I touch him." — *Wash-  
ington Capital.*

WHEN a woman dresses in a hurry, she always looks it.—*Atchison Globe.*

## The Brunswick Cigar

**HOLIDAY PACKAGES.**  
PERFECTOS, 12 in a Box, \$1.00. BOUQUET EXTRA, 25 in a Box, \$2.00.  
DELMONICOS, 25 in a Box, \$3.00. PRIVATE STOCK, 50 in a Box, \$4.00.  
JACOB STAHL, Jr., & CO., Makers, New York, and at all our Agencies throughout the U. S.



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### HE DENOUNCES IT.

THE FARMER.—This book Sue got out of the town lib'ry ain't fit for nobody to read.

HIS WIFE.—Ain't it?

THE FARMER.—No, it ain't! Why, it's jest as bad as one of them New York Sunday papers.

## BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

URIC ACID, GRAVEL, ETC.

DR. J. T. LeBLANCHARD, Professor Montreal Clinic, S. M., S. N., V. U.: "I have used  
BUFFALO LITHIA WATER in the most obstinate cases of Chronic Inflammation of  
the Bladder, in Stone of the Bladder, in Uric Acid Gravel,  
with the most efficacious results."  
Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free.

Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

**4 DAYS TO CALIFORNIA.**  
**THE ITALY OF AMERICA.**  
**SUNSET LIMITED**  
A LUXURIOUS HOTEL ON WHEELS.  
LADIES COMPARTMENT CAR. DINING CAR  
SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO'S  
SUNSET ROUTE  
349 B'WAY  
AND  
N. BATTERY PLACE  
WASHINGTON BLDG.

**APPLE AND HONEY**  
THE OLD TIMES  
REMEDY  
FOR  
COUGHS, COLDS AND  
ALL BRONCHIAL AND  
PULMONARY AFFECTIONS.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.  
BOTTLED AND GUARANTEED BY  
J. D. HUBBARD & CO.  
HARTFORD,  
NEW YORK, LONDON  
TRADE MARK NO. 26305 REGISTERED MAY 26, 1895

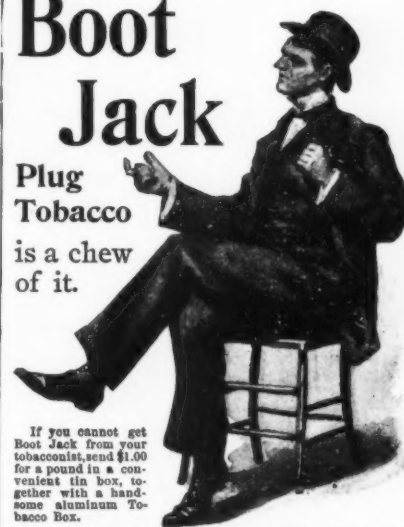
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CINCINNATI  
Angostura Bark Bitters  
Best of all Cocktail or  
Tonic Bitters.  
5 Bottle of this is equivalent  
to a bottle of the best of  
the others.  
1 Bottle is as good as a bottle  
2 of most of the others.  
For sale by all Leading  
Jobbers and Retailers.

## A Convincing Argument in favor of using

## Boot Jack

Plug  
Tobacco

is a chew  
of it.



If you cannot get  
Boot Jack from your  
tobacconist, send \$1.00  
for a pound in a con-  
venient tin box, to-  
gether with a hand-  
some aluminum To-  
bacco Box.

JOHN FINZER & BROS., LOUISVILLE, KY.

**WANTED—AN IDEA.** Write John Wedder-  
burn & Co., Patent  
Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,800 prize.

**FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS.**  
Map of all Nations, Presidents and Generals of  
our country, Choice Flowers, Rare Birds,  
25 cent stamps and many other novelties in Station-  
ery and 10 cents for 5 stamps and new Catalogue.  
**The Whitehead & Hoag Co.,**  
Newark, New Jersey.

**CREDULITY.**  
FIRST VILLAGE GOSSIP.—Do you  
believe that awful story that they are  
telling about Miss Prim?  
SECOND VILLAGE GOSSIP.—Yes.  
What is it? — *New York Weekly.*

WOMAN always regards her trouble as ex-  
treme; and in truth it's either shoes or a hat.—  
*Adams Freeman.*

**NIAGARA FALLS ONLY 9 1/2 HOURS FROM NEW YORK BY THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.**



# VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"VIN MARIANI IS THE MOST DELIGHTFUL AND EFFICACIOUS TONIC."

EMMA EAMES.

Write to **MARIANI & CO.**, for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.  
PARIS: 41 Bd. HAUSMANN. LONDON: 229 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th St., NEW YORK.

HUNGRY WILLIAM.—Madam, will your dog bite?

MADAM.—I don't know. He's a new dog. You might come in and try him.  
—Kentucky Colonel.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.



Best of fabric, best of rubber in **HARTFORD TIRES**. Do not buy imitations.

**THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.**  
HARTFORD, CONN.  
New York. Philadelphia. Chicago.  
Minneapolis. Toronto.

## BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

## WITCH HEALTH PIPES

Are first quality briar-wood pipes with an aluminum cup in the bowl and an aluminum tube in the stem that condense and extract the nicotine from the smoke, thus insuring a cool and harmless smoke. Ask your dealer for them, or send 50 cts. to the:

**COSMOPOLITAN SPECIALTY CO.**,  
26 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.

## BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine Catalog, 400 Illustrations, mailed free; it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands.  
**LYON & HEALY**, 201 Wabash Ave., Chicago.



One Hundred Pages of **PUCK'S UNADULTERATED FUN**.  
25 cts. All Dealers. 25 cts.

It is better to be a nobody who amounts to something, than be a somebody and accomplish nothing. — *Rani's Horn*.

"This ten-cent piece is no good," said the cigar-dealer. "Neither is the cigar," said the customer, striking another match. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

No menu is complete without Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne on it. If not on ask for it.

### ONE OBJECTION.

Miss A.—Do you ever climb the mountains?

Miss B.—No; they're too hilly. — *Roxbury Gazette*.

MUCH of the "art" and "culture" you hear about, is simply loafing.

— *Atchison Globe*.

## IF YOU'RE A PIPE SMOKER

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE THAT **GOLDEN SCEPTRE** IS PERFECTION  
SEND FOR SAMPLE PACKAGE 10c  
PRICES 1lb 1.30; 1/4lb 40c  
POSTAGE PAID. CATALOGUE FREE.  
**SURBRUG**, 159 FULTON ST., N.Y. CITY.



MRS. ACHEM (reading).—"The Chinese are a cheerful people. In China, while the dentist pulls the tooth an assistant stands by and drowns the lamentations of the victim in the noise of a large gong."

MR. ACHEM.—So they have adopted the painless method of extracting teeth in China, too, eh? — *Norristown Herald*.

No New Year's table should be without a bottle of Dr. J. G. B. Siebert & Sons' Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

TOURIST.—How long will it take me to reach the ferry, me good man?

POLICEMAN.—I ain't no mind reader. I'm a policeman. — *Detroit Free Press*.

## HUNTER :: BALTIMORE RYE,

**PURE and MELLOW,**  
The American Gentleman's Drink  
FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND MEDICINAL USE.

**10 YEARS OLD. THE BEST WHISKEY IN AMERICA.**

Endorsed by Leading Physicians  
When Stimulant is prescribed.

SOLD AT ALL

First-class Cafés and by Jobbers.

"Drink HUNTER RYE. It is pure." **WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.**

**STEAM ENGINEERING**  
(Stationary, Marine, and Locomotive.)  
Mechanical Drawing  
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and others who cannot afford to lose time from work. Send for Free Circular and References Stating the Subjects you wish to Study, to  
The International Correspondence Schools,  
Box 918, Scranton, Pa.

## LAUGHING CAMERA, 10c.

The latest invention in cameras. You look through the lens and your stout friends will look like living skeletons. Your thin friends like Dime Museum fat men, horses like giraffes and in fact everything appears as though you were living in another world. Each camera contains two strong lenses in neatly finished leatherette case. The latest midget-maker on the market cranks built-up of sport. Catalogue of 1,000 novelties and sample camera 10c., 8 for 25c., 12 for 30c., mailed postpaid. Agents wanted.  
**ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & CO.**  
Dept. No. 162. 65 Cortlandt St., N.Y.



## Duplicate Whist

simple as the old game with **KALAMAZOO WHIST TRAYS**  
Used by Leading Whist Clubs  
SIMPLEST TO OPERATE  
Kalamazoo Ideal Whist Trays  
ASK STATIONER, OR  
Hilling Bros. & Everard, Kalamazoo, Mich.



**USE IT FULL BEARD OR NEW HAIR.**  
Grown with **TURKISH HAIR GROWER**, on smooth face or bald head in 3 wks. or money refunded. \$1.00 bottle. This is the best, quickest, surest. We warrant every plug. Price 25c. 3 for 50c. sealed. Avoid dangerous imitations.  
**TRIMONT MFG CO.**, Station A, Boston, Mass.

## CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.40, or \$3.00 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,  
**C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**  
212 State St., Chicago.

**FACES** that look like polka-dot neckties by blackheads made to look like white satin ties by **JOHN H. WOODBURY**, 127 West 42d Street, New York, Inventor of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Book for 2-cent stamp.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES** Sure relief **ASTHMA**. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

## HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE.

31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., Puck Bldg., NEW YORK.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman St., All kinds of Paper made to order.



One Hundred Pages of **PUCK'S UNADULTERATED FUN**.  
25 cts. All Dealers. 25 cts.



## A THEORY.

MARIA.—How kin these weather prophets tell about the weather, anyway?  
JOSIAH.—I dunno; unless mebbe they go by the almanacs.





Mellow  
Flavor,  
Sparkling  
Brilliance,  
Creamy  
Head,

Attest the  
Purity  
and  
High Grade  
of  
Ingredients.

**HELP WANTED**

**UNCLE SAM**

wants bright men to fill positions under the government. **CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS** are soon to be held in every State. More than 6,000 appointments will be made this year. Information about Postals, Customs, Internal Revenue, Railway Mail, Departments and other positions, salaries, dates and places of examinations, etc., free if you mention *Puck*. **NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

**Matchless in every Feature!**

**CALIFORNIA.**

Three Tours to California and the Pacific Coast, under the personally-conducted system of the

**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.**

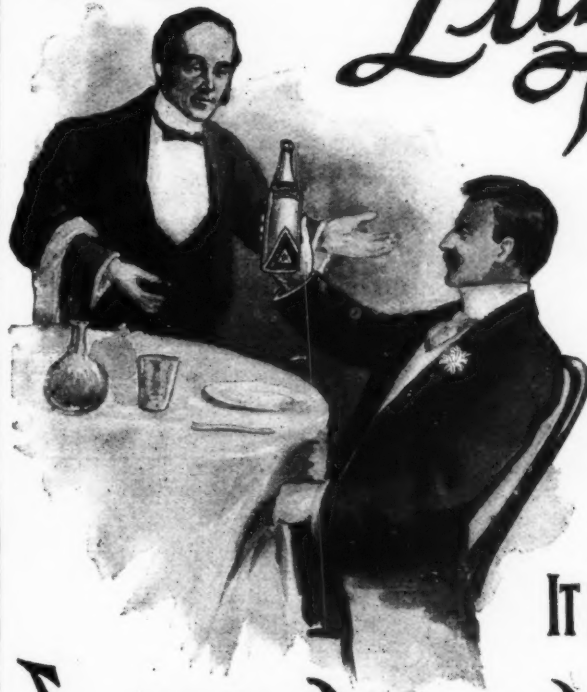
Four weeks to nine months on the Pacific Coast. Special Pullman Vestibule Trains will leave New York and Philadelphia January 27, February 24, and March 27, 1897. (Boston one day earlier.)

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# Look at the Label when you call for Londonderry Lithia Water



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like  
this



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is the finest, purest and most  
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"If it be true that Americans are a nation of nervous prostrates," says Dr. Wiest, the eminent specialist, "then common, indeed, is lithemia. Take, for instance, insomnia, a condition far from rare in city life, so frequently made worse by hypnotics, so quickly relieved when once the true cause is recognized—a sleeplessness due to derangement of the liver, producing lithemia. Then, again, megrim, so very common, is quickly relieved by the same agents when the cause is rightly understood as simply a lithemic crisis. Neuralgia pains, so annoying when due to an excess of uric acid; muscular rheumatism, a manifestation of lithemia; gravel, and the painful urethritis, so often an accompaniment; and general puritis, so often due to an excess of uric acid. Oftentimes palpitation and irregularity of rhythm of the heart are produced by the state of the blood; also the minor symptoms of disturbed action of the heart, such as giddiness and dimness of vision. The mal-products of digestion are positive depressant poison; hence lithemic patients present themselves as woeful objects—they are in dread of apoplexy, or are sure they are developing paresis, or they are insufferable cranks. The functions of the liver and kidneys are very closely related: so that what starts as a mere functional disorder of the liver will in time, if not checked, end in organic disease of the kidneys."

This is sufficiently dispiriting, to be sure. It reads as though we were in for a pretty serious time when uric acid gets rampant "in our midst," as the orators

express it. Is there balm in Gilead, or in the whole range of the pharmacopoeia? Perhaps not, but hope need not be abandoned. There is Londonderry Lithia Water; and while that famous spring holds out to flow, uric acid may be reduced to its proper condition of servitude, and confined in its activities to the duties assigned to it by nature.

This particular premier, this monarch of table waters, ministers to good health while it quenches thirst. It is indispensable to the social man who dines and banquets; it pleases his palate and protects his corporeal being.

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A SURMISE.

WIDOW KEEGAN (*philosophizing*).—Is n't it shtrange, Mister Kelly, thot some of th' shmartest men in thish wur-uld luk loike dom fools?  
MR. KELLY (*doubtfully*).—Are yez thyring t' flatter me, Norah?

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I.  
MOLAR.—Oh! this tooth, this tooth, this tooth! I can't go to a dentist, I'll have to try some other method.



II.  
"I know what I shall do. I'll tie one end of a string to my tooth, the other end to a bullet, load it in this gun, and go outside and fire it in the air."



III.  
"Now! one, two, three!"



IV.  
Bang! But just then an enormous prehistoric bird flew low and received the bullet in its body. The tooth held fast.



V.  
The bird did not appear to mind the shot at all and soared cloudward. Molar's tooth still held fast.



VI.  
But the strength of a tooth can not last forever, and it at last came out. Molar fell with lightning-like rapidity through space.



VII.  
Down, down, down! Just as he was about to strike the earth with a force that would have crushed his body into a shapeless mass—



VIII.  
—He heard the dentist say: "It's out! That gas did n't appear to take hold of you in the way it should. By the way you kicked and squirmed, one would suppose you thought you were going through all the torments of the infernal regions."